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HOW IT WAS.

VICTOIRE was French. Conrad was German. They were students together. They both fell in love with the same lady—one Marguerite. They both determined to marry her. Accidentally they learned of their mutual states of mind, and mentally determined each to outwit the other and carry off the prize. Conrad was silent and planned in secret. Victoire boasted to a friend that as "all was fair in love and war," he should resort to any means to out-general Conrad. Conrad, smoking on the balcony, overheard this remark, and likewise made a resolve. Victoire lounged into the bier garden one afternoon and accosted the burgomaster, who was middle-aged, handsome, and Marguerite's cousin by marriage; also a bachelor. He begged that the burgomaster should speak in his favor to Marguerite. The two grew very friendly over their wine, and Victoire left the garden flushed with hope and—wine. Conrad visited the burgomaster that evening very late, in secret. They also talked long over their wine. They drank to the health of Marguerite, and parted. Conrad walked for hours in the dusky streets, thinking. He stopped a long time before one little new cottage, and muttered: "It shall be our home."

The burgomaster whistled softly to himself after Conrad left him—drank another glass of wine, and retired to his chamber. He looked at himself in the glass before pulling on his night-cap, and gave vent to a low chuckle, as he drew the bed-clothes under his chin. Silly burgomaster! What has put him in such a state of self-satisfaction? Perhaps the extra jingle of coins in his leathern bag since Conrad left.

Victoire was a very careless dog, and never paid his bills unless by accident. So one day as he was making his toilet for a call on Marguerite, he was surprised by a call from two town officials, who, spite of his earnest protestations, insisted upon his marching off with them to a prison cell. He had no ready money, as usual; he could not buy his freedom. He sat down and hastily penned a note to his friend, Conrad, to which he received this answer: "Friendship is deaf, as love is blind. Justice must take her course." Poor Victoire was in despair. He wrote to the burgomaster. That gentleman was out of town. Helpless sat the captive, cursing the fates and his washerwoman, who had thus inopportunistically preferred this charge of a year's debt against him. The measured tread of the guard in the stone-paved hall, seemed to strike like blows upon his brain, driving out the hopes so long cherished. He could not think. He felt very stupid. He thought of Marguerite, and sighed. He glanced at his couch in the corner. It looked very clean and neat. He yawned, and laid his hand upon his heart. Then he went to the door and knocked. The guard opened it. "Bring me a novel, a bottle of wine, and an extra pillow," said Victoire, placing in the guard's hands a gay ring. "Twas meant for

Marguerite; but such is fate," sighed the captive when the door closed. Presently the guard returned with the things ordered. He grinned contentedly—the ring shone on his least finger. He did not know that it had never been paid for.

"Oh, how am I distracted!" murmured Victoire, as he stretched himself upon the couch, and forgot the troubles of life between the wine and the book. An hour later the door opened softly. The burgomaster looked in. He smiled and opened the door wider. He looked toward the bed and nodded his head in a satisfied manner. The handsome Victoire slept peacefully. The novel lay with half the leaves cut.

good infant, Victoire; but since I don't love you, of course you don't wish to marry me; so promise to be there and enjoy your triumph!" "What must be, will be," replied the captive; "I shall obey you." "Don't you mind, Victoire; I will find you a much prettier wife than I am," said the little visitor. "You always were an angel, Marguerite," cried the captive gratefully, kissing his visitor's hand.

A week later Conrad called on Victoire, the prisoner, and told him he had paid his bills, that he might have the pleasure of having the liberty to attend the wedding of himself and Marguerite, on the morrow. Conrad was surprised when he saw

how cheerfully Victoire thanked him and promised to be present. The morrow came. The wedding party were arrived at the church door. The burgomaster led in the bride. Conrad followed with the burgomaster's sister. They arrived at the altar. The priest began to read. The burgomaster had not given his place beside the bride to Conrad. Victoire drew near the altar. He was smiling. Conrad seemed stunned. Suddenly he sprang to the side of Marguerite. Victoire laid his hand on Conrad's arm and drew him back. Marguerite said "I will," in answer to the priest. Conrad struggled under the detaining hand of Victoire. His lips moved, but no words issued thence. The burgomaster stooped to kiss his new-made wife. "Outgeneraled!" whispered Victoire in Conrad's ear.

Conrad turned upon him with fierce eyes. "Well, *you* have not done the work," he hissed. The burgomaster turned smiling to Conrad. "All's fair in love and war, you know, and you have lost Marguerite for this life."

"I do not know," answered Conrad, in a slow, sullen tone. "*I shall out-live you.*"

"Hear! hear!" cried the light-hearted Victoire. "When Marguerite's a widow—"

"I shall marry Conrad," laughed the bride. "And now forgive me for giving you so hard a lesson to punish you for forgetting truth and friendship for a passion that could scarcely yet be love."

"I forgive; and shall remind you of your promise when you are again free—by that time my passion will have softened into love." Conrad bowed low over her hand, and then went out from the church, and out from the gates of the town.

Five years later, a sweet, pale woman, the burgomaster's widow, came into the church to pray. For what, she herself knew best. She saw some one kneeling at the altar in prayer. She approached the stranger. He raised his head. "I have brought my love to lay again at your feet, Marguerite," he said. And she said, "Yes, Conrad." They went out of the church hand-in-hand. Why should she remain a widow, when so romantic a lover presented himself? And all the while she loved the gay, handsome Victoire. But, alas! he had neither gold or name. Then, too, she had kept her promise, and found him a pretty, rich wife. Which was very prudent and good-natured of her.

—Fenno Douglas.



A REST BY THE WAY.—N. JAYNE.

The wine bottle was half emptied. The burgomaster shut the door very softly and went away. Victoire stirred a little in his sleep. The burgomaster went from Victoire to the house of Marguerite. She sat in the garden. He came up softly behind her and kissed her. She cried "Shame!" But then, he was her cousin.

By-and-by he went away, and Conrad came into the garden, preceded by a tidy servant, who immediately retired. When Conrad went away he looked very self-satisfied. When he passed the little cottage, he nodded to it smilingly.

Marguerite sighed, and said "Poor Victoire!"

That night Victoire had a visitor, a little visitor all wrapped up in a cloak. The guard listened at the door, and heard the visitor say: "You are a dear,